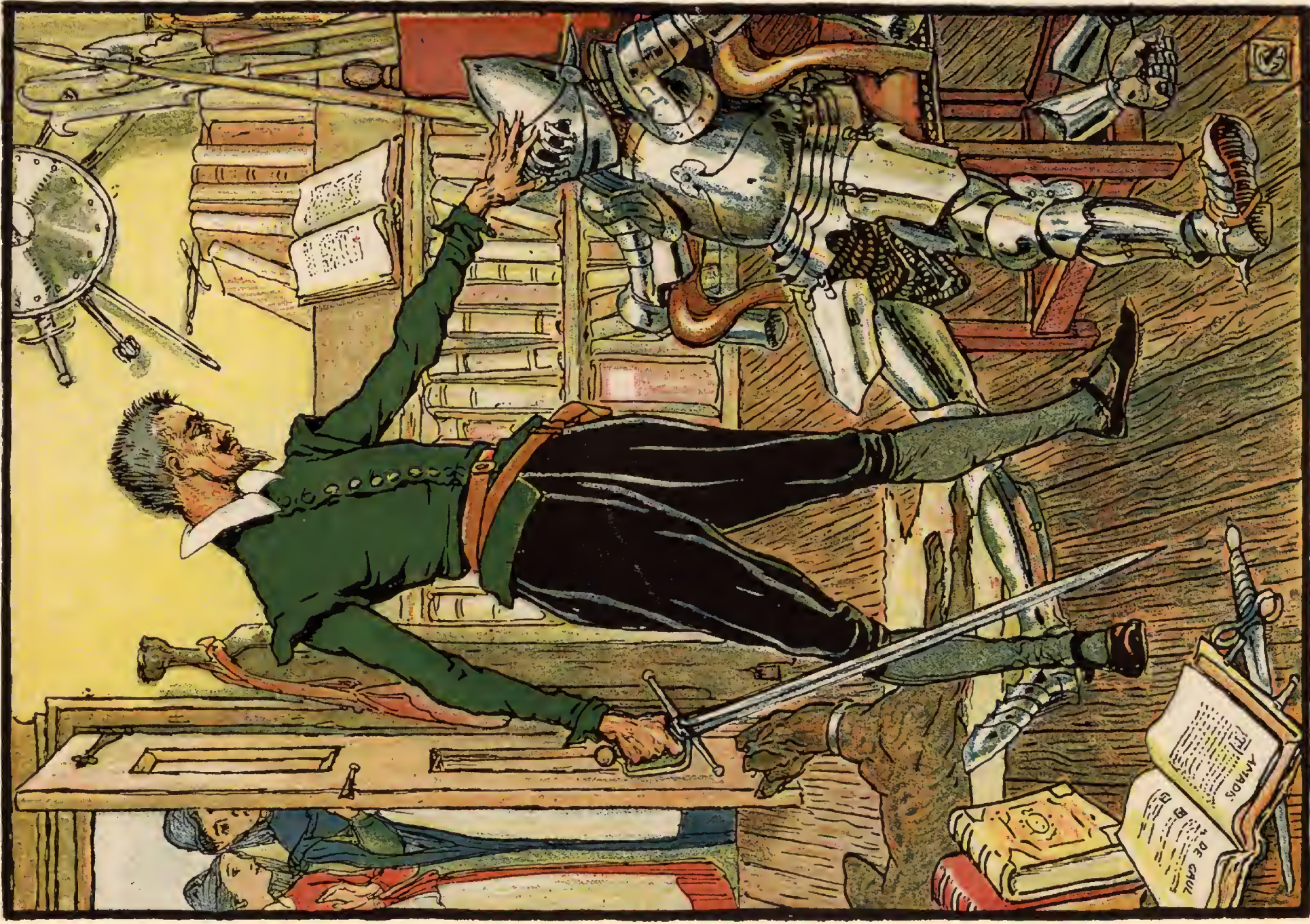


DON QUIXOTE



RE-TOLD · BY · JUDGE · PARRY ·
ILLUSTRATED · BY · WALTER · CRANE ·

DON QUIXOTE
OF THE MANCHA

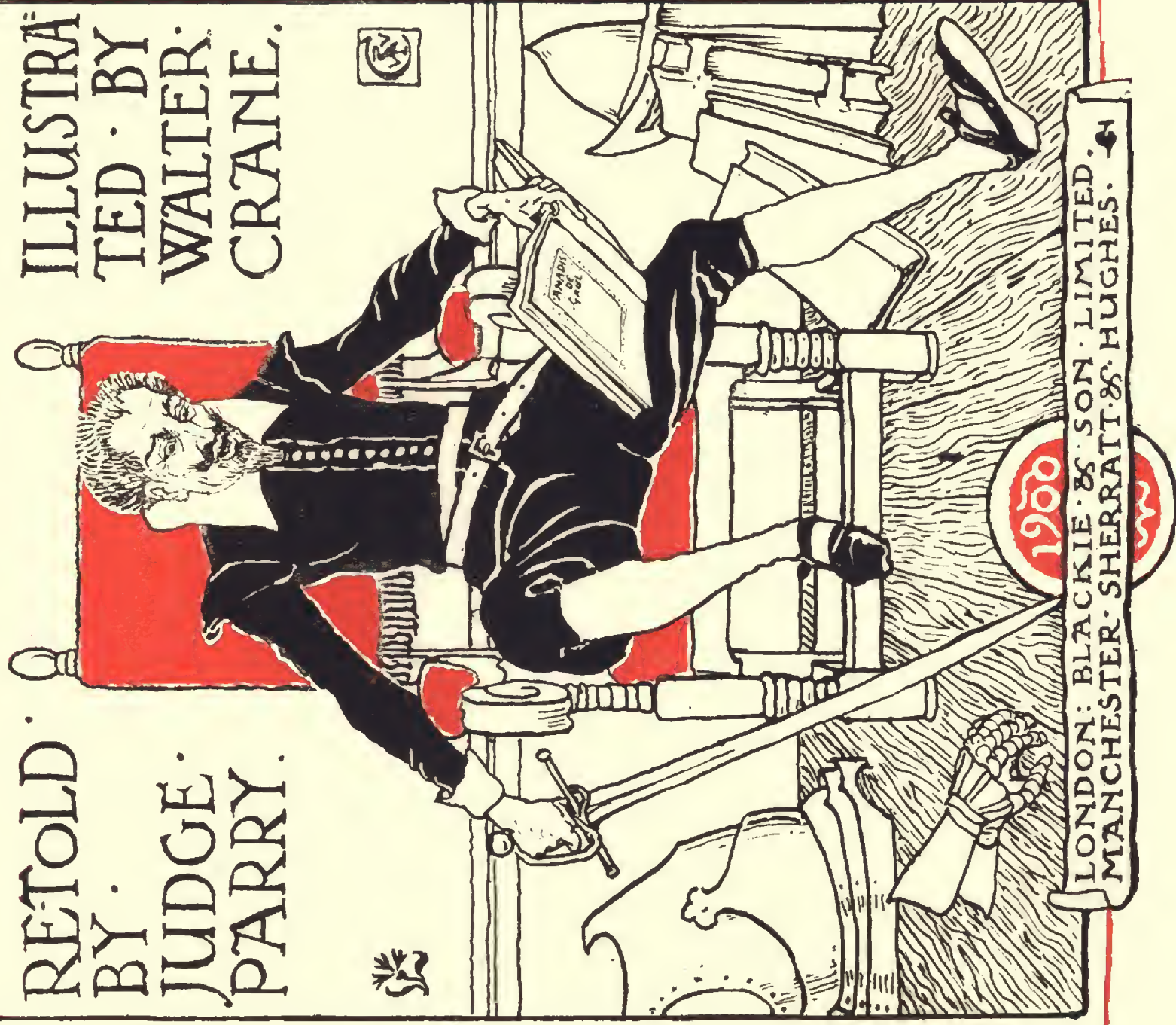


DON QUIXOTE
TESTING HIS HELMET

DON·QVIXOTE OF·THE·MANCHA

RETOLD·
BY·
JUDGE·
PARRY.

ILLUSTRATED·
BY·
WALTER·
CRANE.



LONDON: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED.
MANCHESTER: SHERRATT & HUGHES.

Edinburgh T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty

P R E F A C E

A VERSION of *Don Quixote* which is appended to Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations needs perhaps no apology, but I desire to state briefly what I have endeavoured to do. No existing abridgment of *Don Quixote*, known to me, gives in simple narrative form the adventures of Knight and Squire, with as much of the wisdom and humour of their discourse as would be within the grasp of the younger generation of readers. This—*The Story of Don Quixote*, as I call it—I have tried to produce. In doing it I have made use of all the English translations, but the basis of this book is Thomas Shelton's translation, the language of which seems to me better to express the humour of Cervantes than any other. Many will consider such a task in the nature of sacrilege or, at the best, verging on the impertinent. With these views I have much sympathy myself. But at least, let it be understood that all I have attempted to do is to tell a well-known

story in print, as one who loves it would seek to tell it in words, to those around his own fireside; in the hope that some may gather from this story that there is a vast storehouse of humour and wisdom awaiting them in the book itself.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	An Introduction to that famous gentleman, Don Quixote of the Mancha,	1
II.	Of the First Sally that Don Quixote made to seek Adventures,	7
III.	Of the Pleasant Manner of the Knighting of Don Quixote,	14
IV.	Of what befell our Knight when he left the Inn,	21
V.	How Don Quixote returned home, and what happened to his Library, and how he sallied forth a second time to seek Adventures,	30
VI.	Of the dreadful and never-to-be-imagined Adventure of the Windmills, and of the fearful Battle which the gallant Biscayan fought with Don Quixote,	38
VII.	Of what passed between Don Quixote and the Goatherds, and of the unfortunate Adventure with the Yanguesian Carriers,	48
VIII.	How Don Quixote arrived at an Inn which he imagined to be a Castle, and there cured himself and Sancho with the Balsam of Fierabras,	58
IX.	How Sancho paid the Reckoning at the Inn which Don Quixote supposed was a Castle,	68

CHAP.	PAGE
X. Of the Adventure of the Two Armies, . . .	75
XI. Of a wonderful Adventure which Don Quixote went through without peril to himself or Sancho,	83
XII. The great Adventure and rich Winning of the Helmet of Mambrino,	92
XIII. How Don Quixote set at liberty many poor Wretches who were being taken to a Place to which they had no wish to go, . . .	98
XIV. Of what befell Don Quixote in the Brown Mountains,	108
XV. The Story of Cardenio,	118
XVI. Of the Strange Adventures that happened to the Knight of the Mancha in the Brown Mountains, and of the Penance he did there in imitation of Beltenebros,	126
XVII. Of Sancho's Journey to the Lady Dulcinea, . .	136
XVIII. The Story of Cardenio continued,	143
XIX. The Story of Dorothea, who loved Don Fernando,	152
XX. Of the pleasant Plan they carried out to per- suade Don Quixote not to continue his Penance,	160
XXI. Of the Journey to the Inn,	168
XXII. The Story Sancho Panza told his Master of his Visit to the Lady Dulcinea,	177
XXIII. What happened during their further Journey towards the Inn,	184

CONTENTS

ix

CHAP.		PAGE
XXIV.	Of the extraordinary Battle which Don Quixote waged with what he took to be a Giant,	191
XXV.	Which treats of other rare Adventures which happened at the Inn,	198
XXVI.	Wherein is continued the History of the famous Princess Micomicona,	205
XXVII.	Of the strange Enchantment of the Unfortunate Knight,	212
XXVIII.	Wherein is continued the wonderful Adventures at the Inn,	220
XXIX.	Wherein is finally decided the Dispute about Mambrino's Helmet and the Pannel, . .	227
XXX.	In which is finished the notable Adventures of our good Knight,	236

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FULL PAGES

TITLE-PAGE.

DON QUIXOTE TESTING HIS VISOR, . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
DON QUIXOTE KNIGHTED BY THE INNKEEPER, <i>facing page</i>	14
THE WINDMILLS,	38
THE GOATHERDS,	48
THE TOSSING OF SANCHO,	68
THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO,	92
MEETING CARDENIO,	108
DON QUIXOTE'S PENANCE,	126
MEETING DOROTHEA,	160
THE WINE-SKINS,	191
DON QUIXOTE'S ENCHANTMENT,	212

HALF PAGES

DON QUIXOTE WATCHING HIS ARMOUR, . . .	7
DON QUIXOTE TO THE RESCUE OF ANDREW, . .	21

xii THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE

	PAGE
THE DESTRUCTION OF DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY .	30
THE MANNER OF DON QUIXOTE'S TRAVEL TO THE INN,	58
OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE TWO ARMIES, .	75
OF A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE, . . .	83
DON QUIXOTE FREES THE GALLEY SLAVES, .	98
THE STORY OF CARDENIO, . . .	118
THE CURATE AND THE BARBER IN DISGUISE, .	136
THE STORY OF CARDENIO CONTINUED, . .	143
THE DISCOVERY OF DOROTHEA, . . .	152
SANCIO PANZA RECOVERS HIS DAPPLE, . .	168
SANCIO'S STORY OF HIS VISIT TO THE LADY DULCINEA,	177
ANDREW SALUTES DON QUIXOTE, . . .	184
OF THE RARE ADVENTURES AT THE INN, .	198
DON QUIXOTE ADDRESSING DOROTHEA, . .	205
THE DISPUTED POMMEL,	220
DON QUIXOTE ARRESTED,	227
THE MANNER OF DON QUIXOTE'S RETURN HOME, .	236

CHAPTER I

An Introduction to that famous gentleman, Don Quixote of the Mancha

THIS is the story that Miguel de Cervantes, Spaniard, published in 1605, which the world has been reading again and again ever since.

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village in a province of Spain called the Mancha, a gentleman named Quixada or Queseda—for indeed historians differ about this—whose house was full of old lances, halberds, and such other armours and weapons. He was, besides, the owner of an ancient target or shield, a raw-boned steed, and a swift greyhound. His pot consisted daily of common meats, some lentils on Fridays, and perhaps a roast pigeon for Sunday's dinner. His dress was a black suit with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same colour, which he kept for holidays, and a suit of homespun which he wore on week-days.

On the purchase of these few things he spent the small rents that came to him every year. He had in his house a woman-servant of about some forty years old, a Niece not yet twenty, and a lad that served him

both in field and at home, and could saddle his horse or manage a pruning-hook.

The master himself was about fifty years old, a strong, hard-featured man with a withered face. He was an early riser, and had once been very fond of hunting. But now for a great portion of the year he applied himself wholly to reading the old books of Knighthood, and this with such keen delight that he forgot all about the pleasures of the chase, and neglected all household matters. His mania and folly grew to such a pitch that he sold many acres of his lands to buy books of the exploits and adventures of the Knights of old. These he took for true and correct histories, and when his friends the Curate of the village, or Mr. Nicholas the worthy Barber of the town, came to see him, he would dispute with them as to which of the Knights of romance had done the greatest deeds.

So eagerly did he plunge into the reading of these books that he many times spent whole days and nights poring over them; and in the end, through little sleep and much reading, his brain became tired, and he fairly lost his wits. His fancy was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies, and those romantic tales so firmly took hold of him that he believed no history to be so certain and sincere as they were.

Finally, his wit being extinguished, he was seized with one of the strangest whims that ever madman stumbled on in this world, for it seemed to him right

and necessary that he himself should become a Knight Errant, and ride through the world in arms to seek adventures and practise in person all that he had read about the Knights of old. Therefore he resolved that he would make a name for himself by revenging the injuries of others, and courting all manner of dangers and difficulties, until in the end he should be rewarded for his valour in arms by the crown of some mighty Empire. And first of all he caused certain old rusty arms that belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain for many years neglected and forgotten in a by-corner of his house, to be brought out and well scoured. He trimmed them and dressed them as well as he could, and then saw that they had something wanting, for instead of a proper helmet they had only a morion or headpiece, like a steel bonnet without any visor. This his industry supplied, for he made a visor for his helmet by patching and pasting certain papers together, and this paste-board fitted to the morion gave it all the appearance of a real helmet. Then, to make sure that it was strong enough, he out with his sword and gave it a blow or two, and with the very first did quite undo that which had cost him a week to make. He did not at all approve the ease with which it was destroyed, and to make things better he placed certain iron bars within it, in such a manner that made him feel sure it was now sound and strong, without putting it to a second trial.

He next visited his horse, who though he had more corners than a Spanish *real* or shilling, which in those

days was anything but round, and had nothing on him but skin and bone, yet he seemed to him a better steed than Bucephalus, the noble animal that carried Alexander the Great when he went to battle. He spent four days inventing a name for his horse, saying to himself that it was not fit that so famous a Knight's horse, and so good a beast, should want a known name. Therefore he tried to find a name that should both give people some notion of what he had been before he was the steed of a Knight Errant, and also what he now was; for, seeing that his lord and master was going to change his calling, it was only right that his horse should have a new name, famous and high-sounding, and worthy of his new position in life. And after having chosen, made up, put aside, and thrown over any number of names as not coming up to his idea, he finally hit upon Rozinante, a name in his opinion sublime and well-sounding, expressing in a word what he had been when he was a simple carriage horse, and what was expected of him in his new dignity.

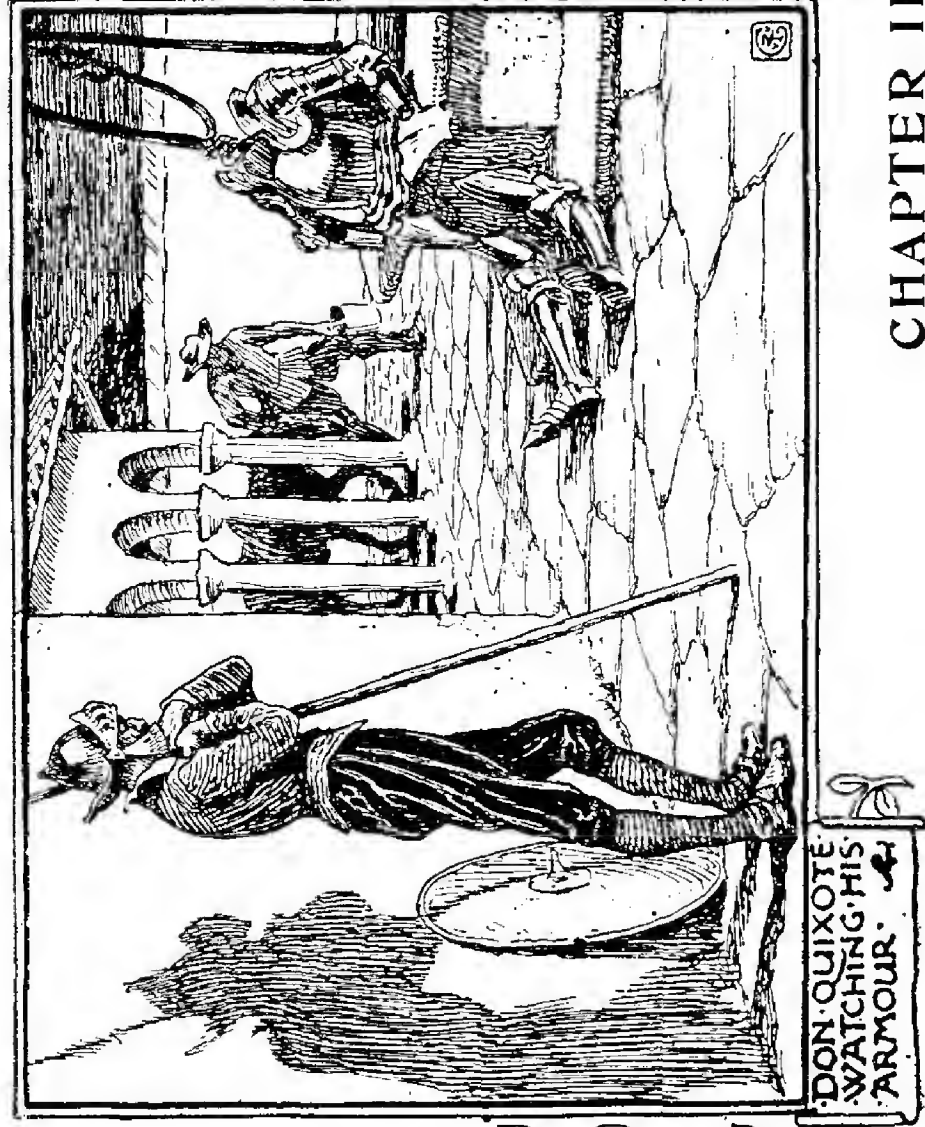
The name being thus given to his horse, he made up his mind to give himself a name also, and in that thought laboured another eight days. Finally he determined to call himself Don Quixote, which has made people think that his name was Quixada and not Queseda, as others have said; and remembering that the great Knights of olden time were not satisfied with a mere dry name, but added to it the name of their kingdom or country, so he like a good Knight added to his own that also of his province, and called himself Don Quixote of the Mancha,

whereby he declared his birthplace and did honour to his country by taking it for his surname.

His armour being scoured, his morion transformed into a helmet, his horse named, and himself furnished with a new name, he considered that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service and affection. 'For,' he said to himself, remembering what he had read in the books of knightly adventures, 'if I should by good hap encounter with some Giant, as Knights Errant ordinarily do, and if I should overthrow him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome and make him yield to me, it would be only right and proper that I should have some lady to whom I might present him. Then would he, entering my sweet lady's presence, say unto her with a humble and submissive voice: "Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, Lord of the Island called Malindrania, whom the never-too-much-praised Knight Don Quixote of the Mancha hath overcome in single combat. He hath commanded me to present myself to your greatness, that it may please your Highness to dispose of me according to your liking."

You may believe that the heart of the Knight danced for joy when he made that grand speech, and he was even more pleased when he had found out one whom he might call his lady. For, they say, there lived in the next village to his own a hale, buxom country wench with whom he was sometime in love, though for the matter of that she had never known of it or taken any notice of him whatever. She was called Aldonca

Lorenzo, and her he thought fittest to honour as the lady of his fancy. Then he began to search about in his mind for a name that should not vary too much from her own, but should at the same time show people that she was a Princess or lady of quality. Thus it was that he called her Dulcinea of Toboso, a name sufficiently strange, romantic, and musical for the lady of so brave a Knight. And now, having taken to himself both armour, horse, and lady fair, he was ready to go forth and seek adventures.



CHAPTER II

Of the First Sally that Don Quixote made to
seek Adventures

ALL his preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of carrying out his plans, his head being full of the wrongs he intended to put right, the errors he wished to amend, and the evil deeds he felt himself called upon to punish. And, therefore, without telling any living creature, and unseen of anybody, somewhat before daybreak—it being one of the warmest days in July—he armed himself from head to foot, mounted on Rozinante, laced on his strange helmet, gathered up his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied forth into the fields, marvellously

cheerful and content to see how easily he had started on his new career. But scarcely was he clear of the village when he was struck by a terrible thought, and one which did well-nigh overthrow all his plans. For he recollected that he had never been knighted, and therefore, according to the laws of Knighthood, neither could he nor ought he to combat with any Knight. And even if he were a Knight, he remembered to have read that as a new Knight he ought to wear white armour without any device upon his shield until he should win it by force of arms.

These thoughts made him waver a little in his plan ; but more for the reason that his head was full of his folly than for any other, he determined to cause himself to be knighted by the first he met, as others had done of whom he had read in the books which had so turned his brain. As to the white armour, he resolved at the first opportunity to scour his own until it should be whiter than ermine ; and, having satisfied himself with these intentions, he pursued his way without following any other road than that which his horse was pleased to choose, believing that to be the most correct way of meeting with knightly adventures. And as he rode along he exclaimed to the empty air as if he had been actually in love : ‘ O Princess Dulcinea, Lady of this captive heart, much wrong hast thou done me by dismissing me and reproaching me with thy cruel commandment not to appear before thy beauty ! I pray thee, sweet Lady, to remember this thy faithful slave, who for thy love suffers so many tortures.’

A thousand other ravings, after the style and manner that his books had taught him, did he add to this as he travelled along, meeting with no adventure worthy to be set down, whilst the sun mounted so swiftly and with so great heat that it would have been sufficient to have melted his brains if he had had any left.

He journeyed all that day long, and at night both he and his horse were tired and marvellously pressed by hunger, and looking about him on every side to see whether he could discover any Castle to which he might retire for the night, he saw an Inn near unto the highway on which he travelled, which was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a guiding star. Then spurring his horse he rode towards it as fast as he might, and arrived there much about nightfall.

There stood by chance at the Inn door two jolly peasant women who were travelling towards Seville with some carriers, who happened to take up their lodging in that Inn the same evening. And as our Knight Errant believed all that he saw or heard to take place in the same manner as he had read in his books, he no sooner saw the Inn than he fancied it to be a Castle with four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, with a draw-bridge, a deep moat, and all such things as belong to grand Castles. Drawing slowly towards it, he checked Rozinante with the bridle when he was close to the Inn, and rested awhile to see if any dwarf would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a trumpet how some Knight did approach the Castle; but seeing they stayed so long, and Rozinante was eager to

get up to his stable, he went to the Inn door, and there beheld the two wenches that stood at it, whom he supposed to be two beautiful damsels or lovely ladies that did solace themselves before the Castle gates. At that moment it happened that a certain swineherd, as he gathered together his hogs, blew the horn which was wont to bring them together, and at once Don Quixote imagined it was some dwarf who gave notice of his arrival ; and he rode up to the Inn door with marvellous delight. The ladies, when they beheld one armed in that manner with lance and target, made haste to run into the Inn ; but Don Quixote, seeing their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard visor, showed his withered and dusky face, and spoke to them thus : ‘ Let not your ladyships fly nor fear any harm, for it does not belong to the order of Knighthood which I profess to wrong anybody, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance shows you to be.’

The wenches looked at him very earnestly, and sought with their eyes for his face, which the ill-fashioned helmet concealed ; but when they heard themselves called high-born damsels, they could not contain their laughter, which was so loud that Don Quixote was quite ashamed of them and rebuked them, saying : ‘ Modesty is a comely ornament of the beautiful, and too much laughter springing from trifles is great folly ; but I do not tell you this to make you the more ashamed, for my desire is none other than to do you all the honour and service I may.’

This speech merely increased their laughter, and with

it his anger, which would have passed all bounds if the Innkeeper had not come out at this instant. Now this Innkeeper was a man of exceeding fatness, and therefore, as some think, of a very peaceable disposition; and when he saw that strange figure, armed in such fantastic armour, he was very nearly keeping the two women company in their merriment and laughter. But being afraid of the owner of such a lance and target, he resolved to behave civilly for fear of what might happen, and thus addressed him: 'Sir Knight! if your Worship do seek for lodging, we have no bed at liberty, but you shall find all other things in abundance.'

To which Don Quixote, noting the humility of the Constable of the Castle—for such he took him to be—replied: 'Anything, Sir Constable, may serve me, for my arms are my dress, and the battlefield is my bed.'

While he was speaking, the Innkeeper laid hand on Don Quixote's stirrup and helped him to alight. This he did with great difficulty and pain, for he had not eaten a crumb all that day. He then bade the Innkeeper have special care of his horse, saying he was one of the best animals that ever ate bread.

The Innkeeper looked at Rozinante again and again, but he did not seem to him half so good as Don Quixote valued him. However, he led him civilly to the stable, and returned to find his guest in the hands of the high-born damsels, who were helping him off with his armour. They had taken off his back and breast plates, but they could in no way get his head and neck out of the

strange, ill-fashioned helmet which he had fastened on with green ribands.

Now these knots were so impossible to untie that the wenches would have cut them, but this Don Quixote would not agree to. Therefore he remained all the night with his helmet on, and looked the drollest and strangest figure you could imagine. And he was now so pleased with the women, whom he still took to be ladies and dames of the Castle, that he said to them : ‘Never was Knight so well attended on and served by ladies as was Don Quixote. When he departed from his village, damsels attended on him and princesses on his horse. O ladies ! Rozinante is the name of my steed, and I am called Don Quixote, and the time shall come when your ladyships may command me and I obey, and then the valour of mine arm shall discover the desire I have to do you service.’

The women could make nothing of his talk, but asked him if he would eat, and Don Quixote replying that such was his desire, there was straightway laid a table at the Inn door. The Host brought out a portion of badly boiled haddocks, and a black, greasy loaf, which was all the Inn could supply. But the manner of Don Quixote’s eating was the best sport in the world, for with his helmet on he could put nothing into his mouth himself if others did not help him to find his way, and therefore one of the wenches served his turn at that, and helped to feed him. But they could not give him drink after that manner, and he would have remained dry for ever if the Innkeeper had not bored a cane, and putting one

end in his mouth, poured the wine down the other. And all this he suffered rather than cut the ribands of his helmet.

And as he sat at supper the swineherd again sounded his horn, and Don Quixote was still firm in the belief that he was in some famous Castle where he was served with music, and that the stale haddock was fresh trout, the bread of the finest flour, the two wenches high-born damsels, and the Innkeeper the Constable of the Castle. Thus he thought his career of Knight Errant was well begun, but he was still greatly troubled by the thought that he was not yet dubbed Knight, and could not therefore rightly follow his adventures until he received the honour of Knighthood.

CHAPTER III

Of the Pleasant Manner of the Knighting of
Don Quixote

WHEN he had finished his sorry supper, he took his host with him to the stable, and shutting the door threw himself down upon his knees before him, saying: 'I will never rise from this place where I am, Sir Constable, until your courtesy shall grant unto me a boon that I mean to demand of you, something which will add to your renown and to the profit of all the human race.'

The Innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing him speak these words, stood confounded at the sight, not knowing what he would say or do next, and tried to make him arise. But all was in vain until he had promised him that he would grant him any gift that he sought at his hands.

'Signor,' said Don Quixote, rising from his knees, 'I did never expect less from your great magnificence, and now I will tell you that the boon which I demand of you, and which you have so generously granted, is that to-morrow in the morning you will dub me Knight. This night I will watch mine armour in the Chapel of your Castle, and in the morning, as I have said, the rest of my desires shall be fulfilled, that I may set out in a



THE KNIGHTING OF
DON QUIXOTE



proper manner throughout the four parts of the world to seek adventures to the benefit of the poor and needy, as is the duty of Knighthood and of Knights Errant.'

The Innkeeper, who was a bit of a jester, and had before thought that the wits of his guest were none of the best, was sure that his suspicions were true when he heard him speak in this manner. And in order to enjoy a joke at his expense, he resolved to fall in with his humour, and told him that there was great reason in what he desired, which was only natural and proper in a Knight of such worth as he seemed to be. He added further that there was no Chapel in his Castle where he might watch his arms, for he had broken it down to build it up anew. But, nevertheless, he knew well that in a case of necessity they might be watched in any other place, and therefore he might watch them that night in the lower court of the Castle, where in the morning he, the Innkeeper, would perform all the proper ceremonies, so that he should be made not only a dubbed Knight, but such a one as should not have a fellow in the whole universe.

The Innkeeper now gave orders that Don Quixote should watch his armour in a great yard that lay near unto one side of the Inn, wherefore he gathered together all his arms, laid them on a cistern near to a well, and buckling on his target he laid hold of his lance and walked up and down before the cistern very demurely, until night came down upon the scene.

In the meantime the roguish Innkeeper told all the rest that lodged in the Inn of the folly of his guest, the

watching of his arms, and the Knighthood which he expected to receive. They all wondered very much at so strange a kind of folly, and going out to behold him from a distance, they saw that sometimes he marched to and fro with a quiet gesture, other times leaning upon his lance he looked upon his armour for a good space of time without beholding any other thing save his arms.

Although it was now night, yet was the moon so clear that everything which the Knight did was easily seen by all beholders. And now one of the carriers that lodged in the Inn resolved to give his mules some water, and for that purpose it was necessary to move Don Quixote's armour that lay on the cistern.

Seeing the carrier approach, Don Quixote called to him in a loud voice: 'O thou, whosoever thou art, bold Knight, who dares to touch the armour of the bravest adventurer that ever girded sword, look well what thou doest, and touch them not if thou meanest not to leave thy life in payment for thy meddling!'

The carrier took no notice of these words, though it were better for him if he had, but laying hold of the armour threw it piece by piece into the middle of the yard.

When Don Quixote saw this, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his Lady Dulcinea, he said: 'Assist me, dear Lady, in this insult offered to thy vassal, and let not thy favour and protection fail me in this my first adventure!'

Uttering these and other such words, he let slip his

target or shield, and lifting up his lance with both hands he gave the carrier so round a knock on his pate that it overthrew him on to the ground, and if he had caught him a second he would not have needed any surgeon to cure him. This done, he gathered up his armour again, and laying the pieces where they had been before, he began walking up and down near them with as much quietness as he did at first.

But very soon afterwards another carrier, without knowing what had happened, for his companion yet lay on the ground, came also to give his mules water, and coming to take away the armour to get at the cistern, Don Quixote let slip again his target, and lifting his lance brought it down on the carrier's head, which he broke in several places.

All the people in the Inn, and amongst them the Inn-keeper, came running out when they heard the noise, and Don Quixote seeing them seized his target, and, drawing his sword, cried aloud : ' O Lady of all beauty, now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness on thy Captive Knight who is on the eve of so marvellous great an adventure.'

Saying this seemed to fill him with so great a courage, that if he had been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded men, seeing their fellows in so evil a plight, began to rain stones on Don Quixote from a distance, who defended himself as well as he might with his target, and durst not leave the cistern lest he should appear to abandon his arms.

